THE PACIFIC

A religious and family paper.

Pacific Theo Sem
Reading Room

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THE BEAUTIFUL GARMENT.

"I had a beautiful garment
And I laid it by with care;
I folded it close with lavender leaves,
In a napkin fine and fair;
'It is far too costly a robe,' I said,
'For one like me to wear.'

So never at morn or evening
I put my garment on;
It lay by itself, under clasp and key
In the perfumed dusk alone,
Its wonderful broidery hidden
Till many a day had flown.

There were poor who stood at my portal,
There were orphaned sought my care;
I gave them the tenderest pity,
But had nothing besides to spare;
I had only the beautiful garment,
And the raiment for daily wear.

So out from the dust I bore it—
The lavender fell away—
And fold on fold I held it up
To the searching light of day.
Alas! the glory had perished
While there in its place it lay.

There were guests who came to my portal,
There were friends who sat with me,
And clad in soberest raiment
I bore them company;
I knew I owned a beautiful robe
Though its splendors none might see.

At last on a feast-day's coming,
I thought in my dress to shine;
I would please myself with the luster
Of its shifting colors fine;
I would walk with pride in the marvel
Of its rarely rich design.

Who seeks for fadeless beauty
Must seek for the use that seals
To the grace of a constant blessing,
The beauty that use reveals;
For into the folded robe alone
The moth with its blighting steals."

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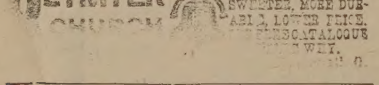
Not Once for All.

"If I could jus' be good once an' be through with it I wouldn't mind," said small Georgie, with the tears of failure still in his eyes. "But somebody's sayin'. 'Be good,' all the time, an' I get tired doin' it all the time."

It is the "all-the-time" part of it that tests us all. If we could only make the heroic sacrifice once for all and not have it a constantly recurring one; if we could forgive the wrong today and not have it confront us again tomorrow, if we could be kind and generous and "be through with it," instead of having to be kind and generous again and again, day after day, in the face of fresh provocations and fresh demands, then we might gather our strength for the effort and find success not so hard.

But we are enlisted in a service that admits of no furlough. It is the doing right over and over that slowly transmutes action into habit and habit into character.

He who would be a great soul in future must be a great soul now.—R. W. Emerson.



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The Work of Conscience.

One cold winter's day John Wesley met a poor girl who was a pupil in one of their schools. She seemed nearly frozen. He said to her: "You seem half frozen: have you nothing to wear but the linen gown?" "Sir, this is all I have." He put his hand to his pocket, but there was no money there. He goes sadly to his room, and his walls that are hung with pictures seem to upbraid him. He strips them down, saying to himself: "How can thy Master say to thee, 'Well done, good and faithful servant?' Thou hast adorned thy walls with the money which might have screened this poor creature from the cold! O justice! O mercy! are not these pictures the blood of this poor maid?" And this was no spurt of generosity.—S. E. Herrick.

"Are you the defendant?" asked a man in the courtroom, speaking to an old Negro. "No, boss," was the reply. "I ain't done nothing to be called names like that. I'se got a lawyer here who does the defending." "Then, who are you?" "I'se the gentleman what stole the chickens."

I so feebly apprehended the high-priestly office of him who was exalted for the remission of sins that I thought I had still something to do; and that, perhaps, for years, to test my sincerity, before I could live with Jesus in the sweet familiar intimacy.—Anna Shipton, in "Tell Jesus."

THE PACIFIC

Representative of the Congregational Churches of the Pacific Coast

San Francisco, Cal. W. W. FERRIER, Editor. Thursday, August 27, 1903

OPEN THE DOOR.

"Open the door of the soul, let in
Strong, pure thoughts, which shall banish sin;
They will grow and bloom with a grace divine,
And their fruit shall be sweeter than that of the vine."

We do not know who is the author of the poem on our cover page this week. Our understanding is that it was written many years ago. It is one well worth repeating, and so we give it place among the many gems which we have printed on that page during the last half-dozen years.

One of our "exchanges" states in a news item that the Rev. Mr. W. is preaching at N——, and that the people of E—— are enjoying the ministrations of Professor M. Are we to infer from this that the people of the church first named are not enjoying the preaching of Mr. W.? Not all preaching does give enjoyment to the hearers.

On a recent Sunday there was in attendance at the services of the First Congregational Church of Oakland a lady from the mountains of California, who, although about thirty-five years old, had never before been in attendance at a church service. It was a revelation and a delight to her. With the Psalmist she could say, "How amiable are the tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts!" Such an experience after so long a time unknown to it must have been somewhat like the experience of persons who for the first time have seen after years of blindness.

No one in attendance, perhaps, at the Grand Army Encampment attracted more attention than Jacob Heater of Aberdeen, Wash., the ex-Confederate, who came dressed in the faded gray of the old Confederacy days. He was a jolly sort of a fellow, and won the hearts of many. From time to time he was heartily cheered by "the boys in blue." He loaded up with too much liquor, however, and by his treating proclivities may have done more harm than he did with bullets forty years ago. His presence served to emphasize the good feeling prevailing today betwen the North and the South.

The parade which most people were anxious to see during the Grand Army Encampment was that of the old soldiers. The one on Tuesday, the military and civic, was looked at with far less interest than that of the veterans on the following day. The people wanted to see in line the men who had faced the foe on the battlefields of the Southland in the dark and trying days from '61 to '65. It was, of course, no such sight as was witnessed when in 1865 the soldiers, fresh from the battlefields passed in grand review along Pennsylvania avenue in the city of Washington; but it was nevertheless an inspiring scene. No one could gaze on the tattered flags and fail to have a fresh realization of what the men had braved two score years ago that the nation might live.

Recently a committee of business men in an Eastern city asked the passenger agent of the Santa Fe Railroad Company to arrange to run Sunday excursion trains. His answer was: "Well, gentlemen, if you have come to get the Santa Fe to run Sunday excursions you have come to see the wrong man. The Santa Fe does enough business on week days without running extra trains on Sunday. If I had my way about it not an engine on the entire system would have fire in it. But the great commercial world and government mail contracts compel us to run regular trains on the Sabbath." The Santa Fe is to be congratulated in that it has such a passenger agent, and the country in that there is at least one such railroad official. There may be more of them, but it is evident that they are not as numerous as they should be. Sunday excursions are a detriment to a people even at their best; and the railroad companies would do a good service for mankind by discontinuing them. Greatly to be pitied are the little towns in California which are now and then afflicted with a deluge from San Francisco.

The only ungracious utterance we have seen concerning the Grand Army visitors was made by "Betty Martin" in the Oakland Tribune. Betty likes to say something out of the ordinary, and this time she is out of taste also. She quotes the complimentary words of an Eastern Grand Army man concerning California girls, and then proceeds as follows: "The veteran was right. California women are big. They are also fair and wholesome, and they round out a deal better than their Eastern sisters. Anybody could see that who compared the native female article with the feminine brigade that arrived with the Grand Army. It was notable that the California girls dressed themselves more tastefully, wore costlier garments as a rule, and filled their clothes better. The lines in their faces were smoother, as if life

and care had fewer worries for them than for women back East. By comparison our girls don't appear to have much to complain of." In all probability Betty hasn't seen many Eastern women or girls. And if those who made up the Grand Army feminine brigade really did fail to compare favorably with the Californians it was not the gracious thing to tell them of it, even in the columns of a newspaper.

The Religious World.

The two mission-study books, "Via Christi" and "Lux Christi," have had large sale; of the former 45,000 copies; of the latter 40,000.

A Methodist Church in Atlantic City has a memorial window on which is pictured a fire engine. It was the gift of a fire company. That church may come to be dubbed "Brimstone Corner," after the famous one in Boston early in the last century.

Perhaps some of the Pacific Coast churches that may be desirous of securing pastors in the East will follow the plan of the Hungarian Jews of Chicago, who had a preacher in Hungary speak in a phonograph and send it on to Chicago for their hearing. We say, "perhaps." For it does not strike us as a very satisfactory method. It is, however, an up-to-date one; and, combined with other means of ascertaining as to a preacher's qualifications, it might do.

It is to be regretted that the trouble between certain California Methodists and the Rev. Dr. J. D. Hammond, formerly manager of the Methodist Book Concern of this city, was given to the newspapers. They who did give it out have, in our opinion, made a great mistake. The conditions are such now that California Methodism will not recover for the next quarter of a century from the blow that has been given it. Of course the inference on the part of many people is that Dr. Hammond has been guilty of embezzlement; and, to escape detection, ordered that certain account books be burned. We shall believe this and the other accusations when proof shall have been given of them. There is no evidence now before the public to substantiate them, and people should withhold judgment until there is. Whatever the outcome of the investigations, which will be made now by the proper church officials, Dr. Hammond has received a blow from which he will never recover. The crimes of which a man is charged have always a wider circulation than his acquittal. Even if it should be shown that he is guilty as charged, the better way would have been to let the proper church authorities and church courts pass on the matter before giving it such publicity.

At Salina, Kansas, the Congregational and United Brethren Churches have united under the name, "The Congregational and United Brethren Church." The Congregationalists have a good house of worship and the United Brethren a good parsonage. For the present each denomination is to retain its property rights; the benevolences will be divided, and the pulpit will be supplied under the direction of the Congregational Home Missionary superintendent and the United Brethren presiding elder. The membership of the Congregational Church, as given in the last year book, is 118. The Rev. W. M. Weekly of the United Brethren Church Erection Society asks in The Religious Telescope: "Are there not other points—many of them—where the same steps ought to be taken? If not, why not? Why should two societies struggle on for all time, each trying to maintain an existence, and in so doing each absorbing precious missionary resources continually. There is a better way. Go together; be one. Personally, we should like to know of other points where our people and the Methodist Protestants, or Congregationalists, or both, could be led to coalesce for God's glory. We should like to help it along." This is the question that is being asked a great deal of late in all denominations: Is it not possible for us to make combinations in Christian work which will greatly increase our efficiency and save money that is largely wasted now? It is a question which will be more to the front in a few years hence than it is at present. The needs of constantly struggling churches will force it there. The church now showing the least inclination toward such co-operation is the Methodist Episcopal. They seem almost as much inclined as in the past to go it alone.

The Philadelphia Presbyterian asks the question, "Is the Presbyterian Church drifting toward Universalism?" The answer is in the negative. A Philadelphian is quoted as saying that a prominent member and trustee of one of the churches of the City of Brotherly Love declared to him recently his belief in Universalism, and asserted that there were hundreds of others who were of that belief, but had not the courage to avow themselves. It was stated further that the wife of an influential layman, brought up in the old-fashioned style of Presbyterianism, had become a Universalist from listening to the preaching and teaching of her pastor. It was said also that there is everywhere at the present time a special danger of people being led to that belief by the emphasis which is now laid in the pulpit "on the love of God, the nobility of man, the goodness of the age, and the upward progress of humanity." In this there is food for thought on the part of the preacher. We do not believe that there is in any orthodox denomination much of a tending toward Universalism. Undoubtedly there are in every one of them persons who hold that belief. Not very many ministers, however, can be found who accept it. Many refuse to dogmatize on the subject. Aside from the statements of Scripture, the tendency of character to become fixed is so plain that there are very few persons who presume to take the fearful responsibility of preaching universal salvation. But every preacher shoulud take care lest he preach it unconsciously.

Acorns From Three Oaks.

Aloha.

A Message of Love.

Our beloved brother, Egbert Haven, sends from his sunny sick-room a good message, and to me is given the sacred duty of delivering it. He expects to go home soon. I might sum it all up by saying that the the anchor holds, but this would not convey to you the peace and gladness filling his ante-chamber of Paradise. You remember this soldier wore a serious face when the battle was on in the present evil world. But now he catches the reflection of the victorious Savior's countenance, his face is full of smiles, too. Let us thank God with him for the harmless medicines which relieve pain. They are not meant for the debauches who abuse them, but for the saints who need them, at what might otherwise be life's painful even-

ing. Our brother's time is not spent in rhapsodies. His faithful wife and devoted sister are with him and are busy sending his books to the beloved seminary library and to choice ministerial friends, who he thinks will appreciate them. He has given a fine typewriter to the Saratoga Missionary Settlement. It may be a comfort to many in the years to come, whose hearts keep warm, but whose fingers get too stiff to compose sermons. Our brother has lately enjoyed very much a visit from his kinsman, our beloved Judge Haven, whose praise is in all our churches, and he talks fondly of meeting "Uncle Philo" soon, that earnest Bible-lover, who knows so much about the word and was such an appreciative member of the dear old First church in Oakland. Brother Haven has been a very pleasant and faithful clerk in the various associations where he has served so long, and his heart seems specially warm toward those who have known and apprecited him in these quiet walks of unselfishness and usefulness. His thoughts turn lovingly to Woodland, but we shall not meet him at the next association. I know by his loving response to such letters as have reached him that others would be acceptable, though he has not asked for them. His address is No. 90 North Eighth St., San Jose. Here's a good chance, friends, if you want to send a message to any dear ones in the Father's House; who will go next? My pencil is dull and cold and poor to sketch the sunshine of my brother's sick-room, but I am his debtor for his confidence and love, and trust I do not dim its shining on others. "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples if ye have love one for another." If another pleasant Pacific gets into our brother's hands, now weakening their hold on earth, he knows by his own experience how difficult it is to tell the deepest things in the heart. One of the greatest things the spiritual body is going to do for us is to take the stiffness out of us. "We shall be like him for we shall see him as he is."

Off for Africa.

I would do myself injustice did I not pencil a farewell line to the brilliant and beloved brother, Adrian Hofmeyer, who goes to his home in Africa, after spending his vacation winning hearts in America. I have only been so fortunate as to hear one lecture, but have been in the circle of this lovely lecturer's admirers and heard about him until I am captured. Sorry indeed would I be were he not coming back, for I agree with his most discriminating friends that he is one of those ministers of righteousness who has a special call to the lecture field. I am not informed enough to pass critical opinion on his theology nor his judgments of men and events. But he is a pure, loving, large, unselfish man. God bless him. This one fact labels him. While he has been earning in a brief vacation far less than some modest churches pay their ministers, he has put more than four thousand dollars into the treasuries of churches and missionary societies. The charming brother ought to have a business manager or he will early wear out before he earns enough to retire on. Saratoga heard him twice with gladness, and if he and his will come again he shall have such a welcome as befits the worthiest and best.

A Dear Little Bird.

I have been touched by the inquiries which have come about "little eighty-three." Let me confess how absorbing, not to say "strenuous" life can become on a ranch. There have been days when I could not have picked out the proud little hen mother from her numerous children without some study. Not that I've ceased to love her, but this is an exacting world. But her name is a household word among us. If a little white hen stands by the gate and demands to go out and drop her hurrying egg just where she wants to, "that's 83!" If she gets into a cool corner of the grain house and fusses up her feathers in an unused oil can, "that's 83!" And that's where she is now with four of her own eggs and nine selects from the other nests.

"Eighty-three" and Max have their own way at "Three Oaks." Such is the freedom love wins. Dear little 83! The G. A. R. may have the whole flock, but you, never! Had you been in Jerusalem 1900 years ago a Divine Man would have loved you.

CONGREGATIONALISM IN THE FAR NORTH.

G. C. Weiss.

Nearly everything good except gold is winter-killed in Nome. It so hard to keep either clean or religious where everything conspires to keep a man down. Both morals and religion somehow easily winter-kill, but when they do survive they are usually hale and hearty. Congregationalism in Nome does not seem to have been easily downed, and after many trials and tribulations the church seems to be well established. Pastor C. E. Ryberg is an earnest, whole-souled pastor, who is anxious to do well the work God has called him to do. It seems to be a heavy load upon a young man, but he is meetinng the situation seriously and with great earnestness. Last Sunday he received into his church six new members—four men and two women, and it was a sight to gladden the heart of men and women in this mining camp where vice and wickedness are so open and shameless.

The church of Nome has problems, too. With the summer season of five months of open weather, with ship load after ship load of strangers pouring into the town, followed by a grand exodus in the fall and a closed season of seven months of almost continual darkness, with little news from the outside world, and wide-open saloons affording most of the amusements of the camp both summer and winter, the church certainly has a work to do. There is practically three months of continual daylight in the summer, followed by a season of shorter days and longer nights, followed by three months of midwinter darkness and ice and snow, and the church has its work to do in all the seasons.

It is gratifying in the midst of these surroundings to find a church small but determined and alive with problems pressing in on every side. The problem that interests the writer most is that of the native Eskimo. Here he is on his native soil, a great overgrown boy,—big in mischief if not in stature. Responsive, generous, ignorant, dirty, he is yet teachable, and in his nature deeply religious. The church under Pastor Ryberg is using its old meeting house as a temporary mission. Last Sunday over 100 of these Eskimos came together for two hours to listen to talks and the reading of the Bible. Here is a problem that is upon the church What to do with the natives? They are ready to listen for two or three hours if need be. Patient and attentive they quickly respond to the love of God as portrayed in the gospel. Pastor Ryberg and the community are concerned moreover about the whole problem of what to do with the Eskimos. Harmless though they are, they can be found on the streets, in the stores

and especially in the saloons all hours of day and night. There seems but one thing to do and that is to get them away from Nome upon a reservation and in a village of their own. Pastor Ryberg already has a site selected twenty miles from Nome on the coast, west. Hundreds of natives are willing to move there and have signified their deep interest in the plan. Pastor Ryberg has within the last day or so secured money enough from some rich mine owners to purchase a fine set of buildings on the site selected, worth nearly $2,000, and besides he has secured a guarantee for $80 per month for a school teacher from September 1st to May 31st. The next question is the provisions and furniture for the mission for the year. Schools and a church will be established and teachers and a preacher employed. The plan includes a store to buy their wares and sell them groceries and provisions at cost. It will be an effort to mature the Eskimo and prepare him for citizenship and Christianize him at the same time. They can be taught and certainly a more docile and teachable people it will be hard to find. They are a people of deep feelings and kindly sentiments, who are anxious for the gospel of Christ.

I have already mentioned that Pastor Ryberg has raised money enough for the first buildings of his new social settlement in Alaska right here in Nome. He thinks the village can be made to be self-supporting in a few years. Meanwhile it will require some outside help to supply more teachers and a missionary. Can they be assured help from the churches? I do not personally know of any people more ready to be taught and to embrace Christianity than the Eskimos of Northwestern Alaska. What say the churches? I suggest that if any one is interested in what I have observed and what has interested me, they write Rev. C. E. Ryberg, Nome, Alaska.

Nome, August 4th, 1903.

VACATION VAGARIES.

J. E. Walker.

If the earth were pierced straight through the center, and a ball dropped into the hole, what would it do? But for the resistance of the air it would drop to the center, rise to the surface on the other side, drop again to the center, and rise to its starting point, and so on, back and forth, forever. But the density of the air doubles once in every three and one-half miles. Going down into the earth this distance, the density would be twice what it is at the surface; at seven miles four times as dense; at ten and a half miles eight times, and at thirty-five miles 1,024 times as dense as at the surface. Before we had got one-tenth of the way to the center about all the air in the world would condense into a hole an inch in diameter.

This recalls the mathematical conversion of the world. If there were only ten true believers in the world, and each made one good convert a year, and the twenty did the same and so on, four weeks of years would convert the whole world. Or, if the dying-off of workers retared the process, yet even then seven weeks of years ought to suffice. As a matter of fact Christians do not, on an average, double themselves once in ten years. Had they done so, the end of the fourth century ought to have seen the whole world genuinely Christian. What is the matter? SIN. We are trying to save sinners.

There is a parable of a farmer who took one of his hired men to a big field of grain and said to him: "A hurricane is threatening; this grain must be gathered in today." The workman reaped a bundle and stood it up, when, lo, it became a man whom he soon had trained to do good work; and then he sent him for more sickles, and in the meantime reaped and stood up bundles, which becme men. But one was sick, and two others whom he set to care for the sick one, got to fighting over their charge and trampled down the grain. The first one soon came back with only a few sickles. He said: "The cook had a few propping up the windows, and the children had some playing with. One child had cut himself badly; and his father, who had the key to the store room, had gone off for the doctor. There were others with sickles who said that our methods were wasteful, and I was nothing but an upstart any way." Some of the faithful ones took what sickles there were, while others went for more. But they came back only half-supplied; and they reported that the store-room was open, but the hired men had taken the sickles to trade with and even to gamble with. And so it went on, some working, some waiting, some loafing, some quarreling, some lame and some sick. At nightfall the thunder was crashing, the wind howling and the rain deluging the earth, and the field not half-reaped.

I have just had a visit from a preacher who occupies a new outpost four or five days' journey away. He reported that 800 men presented their names for enrollment as adherents, and that for the first month or so they had kept him busy from dawn till dark, day after day and week after week, but that none of them came for religious instruction. Each one had some quarrel or trouble with his neighbors, and wanted the preacher's backing. But by and by persecution arose. A well-to-do farmer was driven out of his village because he would not contribute to the repairing of a clan temple. The local magistrate would do nothing to protect the persecuted man, though twice instructed to do so by his superior, the Shaowu Prefect; and the Magistrate's subordinates reported that he hated the church. The Sabbath attendance dropped from 100 odd to 30 odd; the preacher encountered much that was disagreeable, and was much concerned for the good honest farmer; but to himself personally the persecution had brought great relief. He was at the end of his wits and the end of his strength, too, when this trouble drove away all but the genuine seekers after the truth, of whom there proved to be several tens.

The real gist of the matter is that we are only saved sinners, assigned the task of saving sinners; and sinners are men who choose to practice what they know to be wrong. The Chinese, for instance, have light enough to make them upright, pure and good. They have conscience when it comes to judging other people. What they lack is the disposition, the purpose to do right. They do not choose to perform this task or give up that pleasure simply because the one is right and the other wrong. It took no fifty years to produce 50,000,000 smokers in China when foreign merchants brought the drug to their front door.

The crowning horror of sin is not the awful fate of the sinner, but the guilt which deserves such a fate. Thou shalt call his name Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins. But the plaint of Paul and the moan of Mencius are one in spirit. "All men seek their own; not the things that are Christ's." "The goodness now in the world is like a cup of water taken to save a cartload of blazing fagots."

His Excellency Wu Ting-fang says that the Chinese people are contented. Pray tell us, then, why they are

always scolding? "They scold heaven, scold earth; scold winds, scold rains. Why should eight hundred men at our new out-station be not only willing, but even anxious, to join themselves to the "outside barbarian"? We have a wide reputation for sympathy with folks who are in trouble. They are not poor folks; they are not sycophants, nor sharpers; but they are industrious farmers, and that sort of folks. Some years ago we were discussing with our Chinese workers at Foochow the problem presented by the would-be influx of such persons into the church. We were talking very strongly against such diversion of the church from its proper sphere and work; but one of our leading Chinese said, "You must not condemn them so severely; their motive is not mercenary, nor do they wish to prostitute the church to unrighteous ends. All they want is a reasonable amount of protection against oppression and extortion." I have frequently had occasion to quote the remark of an American consul in China, a good and kind man, who strongly condemned our Exclusion Policy. He said, "If the authorities in America attempted to do as the Chinese authorities do, there would be one of them hanging from every telegraph pole." These toiling masses in China see no hope of anything better, and they lack sympathy with each other; and thus they are oppressed and harried, one by one, till some general calamity, such as a famine, goads them out of their apathy and drives them together, and then comes a day of reckoning for their oppressors. But they can not see why we should help them when sick and not when they are suffering wrong.

Shaonwu, China

CONDITIONS OF PEACE IN THE FAR EAST.

Arthur J. Brown, D.D., Secretary Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions.

Those of us who have visited Asia realize that arbitration, or the broader term, peace, must not be a merely artificial convention, but that it must rest upon a solid foundation of justice and fairness and mutual respect between man and man. The attitude of the typical European and American toward Asia is one of condescension not infrequently mingled with contempt. The typical Anglo-Saxon regards himself as the lord of creation and does not hesitate to allow the Asiatic to discern that attitude; but the Asiatic is proud and sensitive. The envoy of Corea to the coronation of King Edward VII. said: "England is a great country; but I am glad I am going back to civilization!"

As I think of those whom I have met in fifteen months' travel through various parts of Asia, five men stand out conspicuously in my thought as the most striking. Not one of them is a European; not one of them is an American. The men to whom I refer are: Chatterjee of India; Yuan Shih Kai, then Governor of the Province of Shantung, China, but now the successor of Li Hung Chang as Viceroy of Chihli; Kataoka President of the lower house in Japan; Choullaolakorn, King of Siam, and last, but not least, a subject of that king whom perhaps his majesty had never seen—Boon Boon Itt.

I have often been asked What is the most remarkable thing you saw in a journey around the world? and I like to reply that the most remarkable thing I saw was a man! I do not mean man in the abstract or even in the sense of multitude, or man in position; but I mean man irrespective of the position he occupies, or of the language which he speaks, or of the color of his skin or the method of his living. I saw men of like passions with ourselves, heirs of the same inheritance, children of the self-same God, who have but stumbled in the path we have in weakness trod.

Ruskin reminds us that the common mud of the streets—the clay may be made sapphire, the sand opal, the soot diamond, and the water may be transformed into a star of snow. And so I believe that man in Asia and in Africa, as well as in Europe and in America, has in him the potency of a divine life. And I do not believe that we are ever going to make much headway in this matter of arbitration until we understand the sublime truth that God loves all men, and that if He loves them we should.

Let us frankly confess that we have not always acted in accordance with the principles that we profess The history of the relations of European nations to Asia has been characterized as a history of rapine, cruelty and blood.

Take a single instance—the occurrences of the last five or six years in China. It will be remembered that in December, 1897, Germany took possession of Kiaochou Bay, the following March Russia took possession of Port Arthur, the English took Weihaiwai, and the French Kwangchouwan. I will not stop to tell about the seizure of Hongkong by the English in 1841, or of Tonquin by the French in 1882. When the Boxer outbreak occurred China did not have one harbor in which she could mobilize her own ships without the consent of the foreigner. And then, when the Chinese rose in indiscriminate massacre of all foreigners, there were actually some people who accused the missionaries of having precipitated the Boxer outbreak!

In repeated interviews with princes and kings in Asia I found the fact universally admitted that the United States stands before the people of Asia today as representing a higher type of justice between man and man than any other nation in the world. I suppose it may be asked: How does this accord with our possession of the Philippine Islands? I can only refer to them by a sentence, but I believe it to be true that we were driven by the force of circumstances, and that the Filipinos today, under American rule, have a larger measure of liberty, have greater freedom than they ever had before in their history.

Do we realize today to what an extent the peace of the world is jeopardized by some of those things which are taking place in Asia? It was recently understood that no foreign power should have the privilege of building a railway in Persia, but Russia built a carriage-way there, which is only the beginning of a railway. Does anybody believe that Russia intends to withdraw from Manchuria? The Czar of Russia is today one of the foremost advocates of peace, and yet everybody knows that the policy of Russia, which the Czar cannot control, can only be likened to a glacier—huge, slow, cold, but steady and irresistible.

The greatest cause for alarm arises from the contest between Russia and Japan over Corea. Russia desires the possession of Corea in order to have ports which are ice free at every season of the year. Japan justly feels that she could not, without serious danger to herself, permit a great military power like Russia to entrench herself at Fusan, only ten hours' ride from Shinonoseki, the gateway to the inland sea of Japan. Accordingly, we find that Japan has developed one of the best armies in the world. Japan, in the last six years, has spent a hundred million in developing a navy, and during the next six years expects to spend a hundred million more.

War in Asia, no more than war anywhere else, is to be averted simply by civilization or simply by secular education. Europe has secular education; Europe has civilization. From the Garden of Eden down, the fall of man has been due to what George Adam Smith has referred to as the increase of knowledge and of power unaccompanied by reverence. Herbert Spencer justly said that there is no political alchemy by which you can bring golden conduct out of leaden motives. And Mr. Moody expressed the same truth when he said that if you wish to get pure water it is not enough to paint the pump; you must clean out the well. And I believe with others that the only hope of peace lies in the prevalence of the gospel which teaches to us the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man; and that only when that gospel shall prevail in the hearts of men will dawn that age of gold—

"When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the nagels sing."

A TRIP IN THE INTEREST OF THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL WORK.

Wawona, Mariposa, Co., Cal., Aug. 17 1903.

Last Friday night, at 11:25, the train was taken by the writer for Raymond. The following morning, after a hearty breakfast at the hotel at Raymond, the Limited was taken for the Yosemite. The Limited is not an express train, but a stage that makes the trip of seventy miles in a day. The road to Awahnu is oiled so that one escapes the dust. It is astonishing to see also how much easier the riding is over the oiled road. There is none of the jar and grating noticeable in other parts of the road, to say nothing of the dust. Moral: Let all the roads be oiled. The way lies through Ahwanee, Grub Gulch (the latter a fastidious lady thought should be called "Food Ravine"), and Wawona.

Wawona is the Golden Gate to the Yosemite, which lies twenty-six miles beyond. Here one should stay over long enough to rest, and visit the big trees, Signal Park and other places of interest in close proximity. It is a restful place. The Washburn brothers, who own the land, have built a commodious hotel; cottages and tents also for those who prefer them. As I write the door is open to the lawn, in the center of which a fountain plays, its spray cooling the air and resting the eye. Rugged mountains are all about covered with pine trees standing so close together that they make one think of the plumage of a bird. Signal Peak catches the eye seven thousand five hundred feet above the sea. On its summit the Indians built their signal fires, long years ago, and today, when our signal lights are strong enough, we'll send a message from its rugged peak to our friends on Mars.

Yesterday a trip was made to the big trees. Through the kindness of Mr. Witcomb, the journey was made on horseback, a much more comfortable way of going than by stage. This way the trail is taken, which leads through the forest, thus escaping the dust and heat. The path winds about the mountain, through shady glens, where the water makes music and flashes here and there as the sun breaks through the foliage.

Finally, the Log Cabin is in view, the objective point for lunch, which has been provided at the hotel and sent on the stage, which soon arrives, loaded with passengers. It is then that we congratulate ourselves on being privileged to come some other way. The lunch was spread under the shade of the giant trees and fully enjoyed—a regular picnic. Wawona Point was next visited. From it a view is had of the valley as far back as the hotel. Below lies the meadow land, which God planted, it would seem, for the purpose of attracting some one who would develop the place, as it has been into one of the best hostelry's in the West. It would be impossible to speak of all the big trees, six hundred in number, named for the States and for public men. Through the center of the tree Wawona the road is cut, and the stage, loaded with passengers, is taken with plenty of room to spare. Andrew Johnson a mighty tree, is fallen, and fell as he "leaned, toward the south." The Grizzly Giant is the Goliath of these Philistines. Eight thousand years of history back of him so says one of our leading scientists. When Adam was in the garden this tree was a twig. Adam fell, but the giant stands upright and looks good for another eight thousand years. May his life be prolonged and his branches wave over the land of the free and this beauty spot of grandeur. People get accustomed to large things so we are not surprised at some of the immense stories that are told. Here is one told by a driver who has a reputation. It is in explanation of the way the trees were found. One tree, called the Fallen Monarch has stretched its hundreds of feet on the sod. "When it fell the echo lasted for six weeks. Some inquisitive person followed the echo up and came upon the big trees."

The day passes away before it is realized. Our trip back was made in the cool of the evening and in a short time we were at the hotel in time to hear the music. For at night one man furnishes an orchestra: with hands he plays the concertina, his foot touches a pedal and the bass drum sounds an accompaniment; then the button is pressed and the snare drum does the rest. One may hear "Hiawatha," "Il Trovatore," and most anything he calls for.

Sunday was spent here. In the afternoon the session of the Sunday-school was held. The school was organized by Rev. Mr. Sparhawk and Mr. Wilcomb. Mr. Sparhawk will be remembered by many of the San Francisco people. He came here for his health and sits at the seat of customs holding up both the wary and the unwary at the toll-gate. Mr. Wilcomb is the superintendent of the school. It was an interested group that assembled for the study of the lesson. In the evening services were held. The music was furnished by the concertina players. It is not often that a minister has an opportunity to speak to so cosmopolitan an audience. A glance at the register revealed the fact that they were from the North, the South, the East, and the West. Tomorrow we take up the line of march for the Yosemite, where possibly a Sabbath may be spent.

E. J. Singer.

According to the Year Book, the Y. M. C. A. has had an increase in North America and the colonial possessions during the past year of some 200 organizations or Associations and an increase of 2,700 members. The entire membership in this territory amount to 350,455. The property holdings $28,827,000, a gain of over $4,000,000 during the year. About $80,000 was sent abroad to the cause of missions.

The longest fence in the world is a wire-netting fence in Australia, one thousand, two hundred and thirty-six miles long, its object being to keep the rabbits from the cultivated fields.

NOTES FROM JAPAN.

Dear Pacific: At the annual meeting of our mission, held in Kobe the first week in July, the reports from all the twelve stations were most encouraging. There are openings for work on every hand. The only note of discouragement was found when we came to face the probable reduction of the evangelistic work for the next year to the twelve thousand dollars which has been all the Board could give us the last three years. It seems inexpressibly sad that a mission the size of ours in Japan, at this time when everything is ripe for agggressive work, and when the mission costs the friends in the United States nearly eighty thousand dollars a year, that only twelve thousand can be given for direct evangelistic work, when three or four thousand dollars more would almost double the efficiency of the mission along this most important line of work!

It seems to some of us here that, were the facts known, there are many men of consecrated hearts and wealth who would gladly give this needed increment. The mission asks for a consecrated man to come to Japan and spend at least six months here, visiting all the stations and carrying on special evangelistic work in all the stations. The people are ready to listen eagerly to the message which such a man can give. Three new families and four unmarried ladies are asked for, as a reinforcement. The Summer School, held under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. union of Japan, convened in Arima, the beautiful and unique mineral spring watering place fifteen miles from Kobe, on July 17th, and lasted eight days. It was a great success, both in its English and Japanese sections. The lectures and Bible studies were stimulating both intellectually and spiritually. Nearly all of the fourteen young men, graduates of colleges in the United States who have been selected and sent out as teachers, under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. in New York, were present. They are most of them teaching in government schools. Two more were cabled for during this week of the Summer School. The hour devoted to methods of personal work, when eight of these men gave their experience and methods of bringing men to accept Christ, was most inspiring. These men, with their scholarship and devotion to teaching, combined with their high moral character, and earnestness in teaching the Bible in their own rooms, and leading young men to Christ, are making a powerful impression on Japan. It is not only that they will lead many of the future leaders of Japan to Christ, but they are impressing the educational department with the value and power of Christianity, as a foundation for moral character and a basis of morals which seems likely to change the whole animus and trend of education in Japan in the near future.

The Student and City Y. M. C. A.'s in Japan were united in one federal union at this time, with a union central committee of thirty men, five foreigners and twenty-five Japanese, who will have general charge of the whole, while for minor matters they are divided into two wings, one for the student associations and the other for the city associations. This committee has in hand the preparations for the meeting of the World's Federation of Y. M. C. A.'s in Japan next year. This will be its first meeting in an Oriental country, and it will be a notable gathering, especially in its effect upon Japanese leaders and thought. Sincerely yours,

J. D. Davis.

Kyoto, July 30, 1903.

"LIBERTY AND LABOR."

An Address by the Rev. William Rader of San Francisco.

This address has attracted attention because of its spirit of fairness, its bold interpretation of the ethics of the labor problem, and its keen denunciation of the boycott. The strike-breaker, the non-union man, and the union workingman are deprived clearly and effectively while holding to the principle of unionism in labor. Mr. Rader denounces coercion and condemns in unsparing language, the purpose and method of the boycott. The address is a plea for the observance of law, both by trusts and labor unions.

It favors the incorporation of unions and lays many of the present conditions of unrest at the door of "the walking delegate." The war now being waged between capital and labor, and between the union and the non-union man makes this lucid interpretation of the ethics of the problem timely. The strength of the address is not alone in its clearness of statement, but in its irresistible conclusions. The author has struck the bed-rock, and his premises are unanswerable. It is the truth that holds one from the first line to the last. Labor leaders, to be sure, will not agree with Mr. Rader in his argument against the boycott as an instrument of industrial warfare, nor in his contention that a man has a right to sell his labor to anybody who is willing to buy it, whether he belongs to a labor union or not, but all thoughtful citizens will agree that every man should have the right to dispose of his own strength as he sees fit, that the employer has some rights which the labor unions are bound to respect and that coercion in any form is un-American. Every labor leader and workingman in the United States should read Mr. Rader's trumpet-toned address on "Liberty and Labor."

This address may be had at "The New Book Store," 23 Grant avenue, San Francisco; 20 cents postpaid.

A STRIKING CONTRAST.

By a Pastor.

I had another good illustration of a want of "teamwork" the other day, in which the game was lost, because the other fellow wanted to play all by himself.

I stood upon the church steps, greeting the people as they went out. And among them were two new families, recently moved into the city; and wishing to leave no lack in our Christian hospitality, I sought their respective homes during the week. In one home was found a Presbyterian family, who were just charmed with our fellowship. But they were Presbyterians, and before they left their native State, their home pastor had said, "Now, when you get to X——, just make yourselves known at the First Presbyterian church; you will find them a delightful people, and Dr. X—— is a grand man. You cannot help but like him. I will write him at once, so that he may be on the lookout for you." And so he was, and they found their place from the very start—no lonesomeness, no homesickness, just contentment. And they make better Presbyterians because they have found the Congregationalists such a happy people. The other family turned out to be a Congregational family from one of our own Coast cities. And just before they left for the strange country, they went to their pastor and asked for letters to the First Congregational church of the same city of X——. But the wise pastor advised them not to take them, thought best not to write to the

local church of their coming; just told them to wait until they found out where they wanted to go; they might be dissatisfied at the First church. In other words, after listening or reading that pointed address of Dr. Elwin L. House at Seattle on "Congregational Esprit De Corps," this Coast pastor dares to set some of his own people adrift on that soul-wrecking voyage of "going around" —a voyage that has wrecked many a religious life about this bay. The Congregational pilot boat has gone to the rescue, but the captain fears for the results. No comment is needed. To state the facts is enough. As Dr. House indicates—this is not Congregational "teamwork."

The Sunday-School.

BY REV. W. H. SCUDDER.

Death of Saul and Jonathan (1 Sam. xxxi:1-13).

Saul's gratitude for spared life seems not to have been trusted by David, for he neither attached himself to the King, nor accompanied the army of Israel as a supporter with his well hardened band. On the contrary he seeks out the leader of the Philistines, Achish, King of Gath, and forms a sufficiently strong alliance with him to bring his family to dwell there. But he had a very difficult position to maintain. Driven by Saul's persecution from Hebrew territory, he had no desire to alienate his countrymen, which would assuredly follow if he fought against them. At the same time he could not refuse his new ally should he determine to war with Israel. David therefore dextrously demands a section of country for his family, and is assigned Ziglag, on the southwest border of Judah. From this place he and his band are able to go against those old foes in the desert, the Amelakites and their allies, and by killing all the captives made Achish believe that he had made raids against tribes allied with Judah (xxvii:1-12) Thinking himself greatly strengthened by such a valient warrior and his successful band of 600, Achish determines to deal a decisive blow to Israel, and summons David to help him. The dilemma in which this placed David was fortunately solved by the chiefs of the Philistine bands, who overruled Achish, arguing that treachery on the Hebrew' part in a decisive moment would ruin the prospects of victory. Achish thereupon requests David to retire lest he offend the chieftains, and with apparent protest David complies. only to find on his return to Ziglag that the Amelakites had raided it, had captured the women, and were making off with rich plunder. He at once pursued the marauders, recovering in a few days all that they had taken, with much other rich spoil. Meantime the Philistines were advancing. It was a wise policy to have a supposed ally on the south to protect them from invasion from the desert tribes in that direction. It throws light on the Israelitish situation when we find the Philistines marching north to the plain of Esdraelon for a decisive stroke against their foe. Evidently the kingdom had strengthened itself, and was extending northward, where it would shortly include the tribes settled about the region later represented in Galilee. Such an amalgamation would hold the important caravan routes between Syria and Egypt, leaving all the inhabitants of Canaan at their command, for their is little option to any tribe when some hostile power controls the supply of food and trade. It is important to have this in mind while studying our lesson, since it shows the vital nature of the struggle, and accounts for the unusual demonstrations of joy following the Philistine victory. Gathering his forces, Saul followed the adversary along the hills, finally posting himself on Mount Gilboa, on the opposite side of the plain from Shunem, where the Philistines were encamped. He realized the seriousness of the situation, and, whether from actual knowledge of the enemy's strength, or from a feeling of half-hearted support from the tribes, dreaded the day of conflict. His attempt to discover the future, and the attendant result, are graphically penned in chapter 28. It is bad enough to begin a battle with the feeling that disaster is possible, nay probable, but to enter upon the conflict positive of defeat one must have the courage born of despair. Saul knew there was no alternative for him that day. Some might say, was it not a case of discretion and valor, but the answer is found in the treatment he knew awaited him, and the plight in which his nation would be placed if he surrendered. Death was preferable to mutilation for himself, and a temporary defeat better than vassalage for Israel. Thus for the historical setting. Some impressive truths spring from the narrative.

1. It is a wise povidence that conceals our future from us.

The intense desire to know the future is a sort of instinct to human kind. Practices of all kinds were resorted to by the ancients to determine what would occur. And while we can consider these attempts at foretelling the future, whether by the constellations, by oracles, or means employed by persons like the witch at Endor, as purile, thousands resort to the medium, the palmist, the spiritualist, for the same purpose today. But why? All such endeavors to penetrate the future are children of hope, nothing more. No one would consult these people were the hope that they had something good to foretell about us, not in great ascendancy. No one would care to have a medium predict that hanging was in store for him within sixty days. Saul carried his death wound before he pierced himself with his sword that day. Let the future come to us in due season, bringing us what it will. If good comes, anticipation does not increase the joy; if evil, we are powerless to help it. There is too much shadow in the ordinary life to want any anticipation of it. God drew the veil of what is to come because He is wise, let us not show our folly by trying to better the wisdom of God.

2. The mode of Saul's death.

There have been efforts to excuse this suicide by a consideration of the circumstances. They are awful enough beyond doubt. Jonathan, his pride and expected heir, slain, together with two other sons of good promise; the army he had so often led to victory scattered and in full retreat; his own person pierced with arrows, distressing the brave warrior, hindering him from escape. And what did capture mean? Torture, mutilation, humiliation, a spectacle made of the first King of a rival nation whose defeat was hoped to precede dissolution. Yet, even from this standpoint we should think more of Saul, if, like Regulus, he had willingly submitted himself to the inevitable and displayed a like heroic spirit. But the other side to this question of his doing away with himself is very instructive. The moral aspect of suicide is startling. A God-given life is not at our disposal for its termination. Self-murder is as wrong as other murder. As a fact suicide generally wears the same aspect as did this of Saul's. It was a climax of habit, the habit of non-

restraint. It was the acme of a process which began in the disregard of God's commands years before. This is the real cause of shrinking from suicide. It is the rushing of a disobedient soul into the presence of the Judge of all the earth. Suicides are common enough to note the language of the letters left in explanation of the deed, and it is of real significance that nearly everyone speaks, in addition, of forgiveness. The hope that those who love or are connected with the taker of his life will pardon the deed, and that God will forgive is a proof of the judgment already passed on the suicide's soul. The man who regards God's will in his life as supreme will wait till God releases him from pain or trouble, finding the discipline of these things in a developed spiritual nature.

3. Exulting in victory (v. 8-9).

In the historical sketch it was shown why the Philistines regarded this as a most serious battle. The victory, therefore, was to be suitably celebrated. The armor of their long harassing foe was sent from one city to another that the dread of Saul might pass, and the headless body of their implacable enemy was nailed in derision to the wall at Beth-shan, together with those of his sons whose exploits had become famed. But more significant was the religious consecration of the armor, for that meant a triump of heathen deities over Jehovah of Israel. The cruelty, spite and barbarous glee exhibited is in marked contrast to that spirit evidenced in our last naval battle, when the marines of the shattered vessels were rescued by our men, either from drowning or burning, given all necessary attention on board our boats, and treated as men, brave and dutiful. The contrast shows what Christianity has accomplished even in the mode of exulting in victory.

4. The strength of gratitude.

Many years had passed since the Ammonites had attacked the East Jordan town of Jabesh-gilead, and threatened to put out the right eyes of its people as a stigma to Israel; but the warriors had not forgotten that Saul came to their relief, and in this hour of his humiliation that gratitude rose to splendid achievement. Forcing a march all night they appeared at Beth-shan, recovered the three bodies exposed on the walls, and hastening back to Jabesh honorably buried what was left after cremating them, on the site of Saul's first victory for Israel. "The truly grateful heart may not be able to tell its gratitude, but it can feel, and love, and act."

Christian Endeavor Service.

REV. HERBERT N. BEVIER

Sept. 6, 1903.

The Allied Forces of Righteousness (John xvii: 20-23; and I Cor. i: 10-13).

This is a lesson on federation and church unity. It emphasizes the ideas of brotherhood and co-operation, and looks out towards the truths embodied in the notions of millennium and the golden age. It is true that Christ addressed himself chiefly to the individual soul. He gathered his disciples one by one. He sought to relieve particular needs and minister to individual sorrows. This is so evident that it has become quite common to say that "Christ discovered the individual," and yet he continually labored to bring these separate souls into relationships of concord and unity. He gathered his disciples as single souls, but he mingled with them in groups. Sometimes two by two, again three by three, and more often with the twelve he went about. The first Christian federation was the band of loyal disciples, and it was maintained intact until the traitorous poison entered the soul of Judas. There was an element of socialism in the teachings of Jesus and in the practices of himself and the twelve—though it was based on the purest individualism and the recognized rights and privileges of each. Those early disciples were an allied band. They worked together for righteousness and we read of no breaks in their spirit of concord until the Lord's hour had come.

* * *

The idea of allied effort and of the spirit of unity is beautifully and forcefully expressed in our Lord's intercessory prayer from which the passages of the topic are in part taken. He prays the Father that the disciples may be "one," and explains himself by a comparison. He would have them one, even as God and he are one. Now, without losing ouselves in the mazes of trinity in unity, we may distinguish two ideas that need to be kept clear and never merged. In the Godhead there is a unity and a diversity—a unity of spirit and essence and a diversity of manifestation and function. God and Christ are one God, and yet the Father has a work distinctly his own and the Son his; nor in the last analysis do we believe there will ever be a loss of individuality in either. So that in interpreting these words of Christ with regard to unity or oneness, we must distinguish between things that differ. The function of the Father could never be transferred to Christ nor did the Father ever attempt to do the Son's work. They were "distinct in individualities," and yet, like each other, even "as those who love," George Elliott says the Lord himself could not make Antonio Stradivari's violin without Antonio, nor would it be a challenge to omnipotence to say that God could not complete redemption without Christ. We do not believe therefore that Christ prayed for a dead level unity in his followers, but a unity of spirit and idea amid diversity of operations and manifestations. So that the word allied or that other word federate seems to express the idea in the mind of Christ better than organic unity.

Organic unity seems more artificial in its intentions than accords with the analogies of life. If the Kingdom of God may be compared to a tree of life having any branches and bearing twelve manner of fruits, the leaves of which are for the healing of the nations, then we would expect diversity in unity. No two branches of any tree are precisely the same, either in external appearance or internal structure, nor are any of the twigs or twiglets. Not a single one of the thousand leaves is the exact counterpart of any other. In nature there is endless diversity. And yet, the same sap vitalizes the whole. There is unity of general plan, and the kind of fruit is the same on all the branches of a normal tree, though the manner of it is widely different. In the church of Christ there are many branches of the one great spreading vine. There are many branchlets to the great Protestant Church—Congregationalist, Methodist, Baptist, Episcopalian, Presbyterian and others, and yet there is essential unity of spirit throughout them all. There is an implied and expessed alliance of the Protestant forces of Christendom today, and in a broader sense of all Christendom, Roman, Greek and Protestant—though the lines of agreement sometimes seem faint and faded. There is often a closer alliance between individuals of the different

branches—a closer unity in the leaves than in the branches. The problems of alliance seem to lie along the lines of making the ties that bind the branchlets to the branch closer and the twigs to the branchlets. Churches of kindred manner should come into closer union. Why should there be Northern and Southern churches. Why so many split and other divisions? chuches. Why so many other divisions? Other problems are along the lines of bringing the they all may be one in Christ's spirit.

The forces of right need to be closely allied to meet the forces of wrong. Evil is often more closely federated than Good. The saloon power is a great organized monopoly; it would seem an anomaly to call it a trust. The tendencies in the business world are all toward organization and union of interests. Labor is powerfully federated; often too much so for its own good. And yet, the abuses of federation cannot set aside its true merits. In union there is strength. It would seem best to maintain the integrity and the characteristic differences of the great denominations intact and yet federate them ever more and more closely that they might be brought in consolidated phalanxes sturdily against the common foe. The Grand Army is one; let it be one without obliterating departments, or army corps, or regiments, or companies. Christ is the head; let us be one in him. Then it will be better that some say I am of Paul and another Apollos and another Cephas. Let Christ not be divided; let his spirit dominate and animate the whole, and then there is never weakness but only strength in a wise and discriminated division of labor in the kingdom of God.

We need to stand together for God, Christ, righteousness and the life beyond. We need to be allied in our defense of the Bible interpreted by a conscience quickened under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost. We need to be allied in defense of the home, the church, the state and all the behests of morality and spiritual truth. We need alliance for both private and public righteousness. In spirit we need to remember the old motto of the republic in many trying hours: "United we stand; divided we fall," and especially the teachings of Christ, "Abide in me."

The alive and wide-awake preacher of today will ever keep before his people the exceding sinfulness of sin and the beauty of holiness in heart and life. The work of the preacher is to show sin, not as an abstract notion, but an awful concrete fact, revealing the exceeding heinousness of its character through the vices of the depraved heart, which is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked. It is worth a deal more to the safety of society to bring to light and drag to justice the thief, burglar, law-breaker, murderer and desperado than to write volumes on the theory or original sin and man as a moral agent. Eradicate the evil and put goodness there.

It is given out that King Edward has stated to his army officers when drinking to his health they will please him just as well if they use water instead of wine. Many of the exchanges have lauded the King for this step forward in temperance reform. But it occurs to us a very mild advance. In this day when the battle for temperance is being waged to the very gates, our leaders in governments and nations should do something more than negatively and apologetically express themselves regarding the spread of the influence of this iniquitous course.

Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

The address of Mrs. S. M. Dodge, Treasurer of the Board, has been changed from 1275 6th Ave., Oakland, to 64 Santa Clara Ave., Oakland.

Annual Meeting.

The annual meeting will be held Wednesday, September 2nd, in Plymouth Church, San Francisco; sessions at half past 10 and quarter past 1. Lunch will be served as usual. The church is on Post street, between Webster and Buchanan; take either Geary or Sutter street cars.

Addresses will be made by Rev. H. M. Tenney, the recently appointed secretary of the American Board for the Pacific Coast, and Rev. Charles R. Brown, of Oakland. Miss Wilson, who has recently returned from Micronesia, will speak also, and will exhibit some curios from the far-distant and interesting field.

A meeting of unusual interest is anticipated, and a large attendance is earnestly urged. If any auxiliaries have not remitted their annual contributions to the treasurer, please do so at once; all gifts are needed to meet the largely increased demand.

The School Work at Broosa.

The following letter from Mrs. Fannie M. Newell will be of interest to the readers of this column, showing some of the fruits of the school work at Broosa:

"It was with regret that I turned my face eastward without meeting the W. B. M. P., because my life for three years at the Broosa school seemed so closely connected with theirs, and later at Constantinople for twelve years I was intimately associated in the work there, with the girls who were educated through your gifts. And even since my return to the homeland, through correspondence with those in the field, and through frequent visits from Caliope (who has for some years been doing excellent work, as the wife of the home missionary for the thousands of Greeks in and around Boston) and from Cleonike, who came to the United States with me, and after completing a course of training as nurse, returned to Athens one year ago, taking with her diplomas from two well-known State Hospitals at Boston, and as directress of a hospital, under royal patronage in Athens, is doing most excellent work for our Master Christ. Her work praised her so that the royal princess Sophia (a granddaughter of Queen Victoria) has recently offered to defray the expenses of six other Greek girls, whom Cleonike may select, to come to this country for training. Both of these girls were beneficiaries in the Broosa school, whom, perhaps, you remember by name, and except for the help you gave them, could not possibly have come into such broad places of usefulness. A recent letter from Turkey shows a large number from those early classes at Broosa, who are still bravely working for the advancement of Christ's kingdom, in the Turkish Empire, as teachers, and the wives of preachers and professors. The last personal appeal I ever made to you (which, as ever, you graciously responded to) was for help to assist in the education of Julia Petron, the namesake of our noble self-sacrificing missionary, Julia Rappleye. A letter just received from Smyrna speaks of her as now one of the honored native associates in the mission school there,

where she studied. But I did not intend to write so long a letter. Nine months, full of things for pleasure and profit, I had in Mexico and the West. I can never forget California, with its sunshine and roses. I wish I knew the record of the little Greek boy whom Miss Rappleye brought to this country.

HIGHER EDUCATION AND MOTHERHOOD.

It is contended in certain quarters that the higher education of women is having a blighting effect on the race. It shows itself in two particulars: The increasnumber of divorces, and the decreasing number of women who become mothers. The per cent. of increase in the number of divorces throughout the country is largely in excess of the percent. of increase in the population. It is affirmed that out of every one thousand marriages, there are eighteen divorces. In one section of the country there is one divorce for every eleven marriages. How long can a country survive under such lax notions of the sanctity and binding nature of the marriage relation? But when added to this is the large number of women who decline motherhood, we can but confess that the prospect is anything but pleasing. And this is largely attributed to the higher education of women.

Margaret Bisland, in the Atlantic Monthly, says: "Vain and empty have proved the hope and faith that from the higher educated mother profound advantages must accrue to the nation in the consequently superior equipment of her child. The highly educated woman avoids, or is incapable of maternity." In other words, "the educated women has disappointed the country in that she will not endure 'the restraints of wedded life, or, when wedded, she brings forth few or no children.'"

In explanation, the writer above-named tells us that the "exhilaration of monetary profit" which a woman obtains "in exchange for her physical and mental toil" lures her into single life, or, "in the pursuit of her own selfish pleasure, she sacrifices" the greater happiness of wife and mother. She thus denies to her country the advantages of her superior equipment. In either case, whether for monetary profit, or for the pleasure to be obtained in social life, a woman declines to enter into matrimony, or to rear children, she is disobedient both to God and nature, and robs her country of that which her country has a right to expect.

But is education to blame for the commercial and pleasure-loving spirit that has taken possession of so many thousands of women? We do not think so. Many women who are lured by the exhilaration of monetary profit never saw the inside of a school for the higher education of our daughters. Many women given to pleasure, and living in luxury, are not highly educated. They have only beauty, good manners and money. Nor are we sure that the higher education of women is to blame for the increase of divorces. The records of the courts would, perhaps, show that as many ignorant as educated couples apply for separation. But it is certain that the divorce proceedings which attract attention, and produce the most demoralizing effects upon society, are those instituted by persons in high life—persons who are supposed to be educated.

If the evils complained of can be traced to higher education, we may be sure that the education which has thus produced such dreadful results is defective. And we are inclined to the opinion that it is possible for schools of high literary grade to so far ignore the essential qualifications of life as to turn out students, both male and female, with false ideals. This is inevitable if the intellectual and material is stressed at the expense of the moral and spiritual. What is more natural for one trained in such a school to go out into the world with the idea that life consists in the abundance of things that a man possesses, and bend all energy to the attainment of worldly things; or, if already rich, to "eat, drink, and be merry," and forget God and all obligation to society?

We have schools where the higher education of our women includes the teaching of their obligations to God and the Church and the world. It would be interesting to know how the graduates of these schools, in their relation to society, compare with the product of those schools that aim solely to prepare women for the world. We have no statistics at hand—indeed, we do not know that such a comparison has ever been made. We give it, though, as our deliberate opinion, that one of our church schools, even of an inferior grade, for preparing our daughters for usefulness, is worth a dozen with high-sounding pretensions that do nothing save polish the mind and manners of their girls. We want wives and mothers—not wall-flowers, or leaders of ball-room dances. We want Christian education. The more we have and the higher it is, the better for the country.—New Orleans Christian Advocate.

WHAT A MOTHER GIVES.

Said a mother to me one day: "When my children were young I thought the very best thing I could do for them was to give them myself. So I spared no pains to talk with them, to teach them, to pray with them, to be a loving companion and friend to my children I had to neglect my house often. I had no time to indulge myself in many things which I should have liked to do. I was so busy adorning their minds and cultivating their hearts' best affections that I could not adorn their bodies in fine clothes, though I kept them neat and comfortable at all times.

"I have my reward now. My sons are ministers of the gospel; my grown up daughter a Christian woman. I have plenty of time now to sit down and rest, plenty of time to keep my house in order, plenty of time to indulge myself, besides going about my Master's business wherever he has need of me. I have a thousand beautiful memories of their childhood to comfort me. Now that they have gone out into the world, I have the sweet consciousness of having done all I could to make them ready for whatever work God calls them to do."—Selected.

An idea of the great size of the St. Louis Fair may be obtained by comparison with some other world's fairs. The Centennial at Philadelphia in 1876 covered 236 acres and cost for construction, etc., $8,500,000; the Paris Exposition of 1900 covered 336 acres and cost $9,000,000; the Chicago Columbian Exposition of 1893 covered 633 acres and cost $27,000,000; and the St. Louis Fair will cover 1,180 acres and cost all told upward of $40,000,000. The only trouble will be that it will be so large that no one will be able to see more than a small part of it.—Ex.

There are 35,000 laborers in foreign mission fields, and Protestant Christendom gives $10,000,000 annually for their support.

Church News.

California.

Suisun.—A parsonage of six rooms is to be built here. It will cost about $1,500.

Eagle Rock.—The Eagle Rock Church has enjoyed a few evenings with Rev. C. S. Billings. The extreme heat made it necessary to postpone for a time, but we hope to continue later on with good success.

Oakland, First.—Mr. I. N. Halliday has resigned his position as superintendent of the Sunday School, and accepted a position with the First Methodist Church. At a recent meeting of the church resolutions were adopted expressing sincere appreciation of the energy, fidelity and devotion shown by Mr. Halliday during his period of service. There was record also of the regard of the church for his Christian character and genuine consecration, and best wishes for the largest success in his new field.

San Francisco, First.—A reception to Dr. and Mrs. Adams on their return from summer vacation was held at the First Congregational Church on Monday evening, August 17th, and was an event of no common interest. With one accord all present declared it to be the best social gathering ever held in the church. Between two and three hundred were present to enjoy the occasion. The genial pastor was at his best, and his remarks were listened to with close attention. His description of events surrounding the building of a summer home at Mill Valley were full of genuine interest and humor. That he is a master builder no one will question after a "visit to the wilds of Mill Valley" or from an investigation of his work in the First Church. He hews to the line—no loose joints. The musical program of the evening was most excellent. Members of the choir, Miss Emma Vasconcellos, Miss Kathleen Parlow and the orchestra under the leadership of Professor Conrad contributed numbers during the evening. Miss Parlow and her mother are about to commence a musical tour of the world. Miss Parlow is a violinist of rare ability. Those who have heard her believe she has a great future before her. Mother and daughter are members of the First church. During the vacation the pulpit was occupied by Rev. Dr. Nash and Rev. C. H. Minton, D.D., both acceptable supplies. The congregations have been large all summer. Last Sunday, morning and evening, the congregation filled the large auditorium.

Notes and Personals.

The San Francisco Association will meet at Mill Valley, September 10th.

The Rev. George H. De Kay of Lodi addressed the Prohibition Alliance in Oakland Tuesday evening.

The Rev. J. A. Cruzan, who went a few months ago to the Unitarians, has accepted for one year a call from a church of that order at Great Falls, Montana.

The Rev. C. H. Stevens has accepted a call from the church at Martinez. Mr. Stevens has done a good work in the Fourth Church in this city, and his people will part with him reluctantly.

Rev. H. M. Burr of Illinois will give the paper at the meeting of the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity next Monday. Mr. Burr is the father of the Rev. Huber Burr of this city.

The Pacific Theological Seminary opened its fall session on Tuesday, the 18th. Eight new students were enrolled, and six come over from last year. Two or three more are expected. Opening addresses were delivered by President McLean, on "The Seminary as a Place for Establishing Right Habits of Study," and by Professor J. W. Buckham the new incumbent of the chair of theology, on "The Ministers Opportunity." In addition to Professor Buckham thefaculty has been reinforced by Mr. Geo. T. Tolson, who will take charge of the library and assist Dr. Mooar in giving instruction in church history. Mr. Tolson is a graduate of the institution of the class of 1902. He spent last year in graduate work at the Divinity Schol of Yale University, where he received the degree of B. D. from the theological department, and also that of M. A. from the University. The Seminary has never been so well equipped as at the present time, and for the first time in its history every student on its roll has taken college study.

WOMAN'S HOME MISSIONARY UNION OF NORTHERN CALIFORNIA.

In accordance with the repeated requests of auxiliaries, the annual meetings of the Woman's Board of the Pacific and the Woman's Home Missionary Union will be held this year on consecutive days. That of the W. H. M. U. will occur on Thursday, September 3d, at the Third Congregational Church, Fifteenth street, between Valencia and Mission streets, San Francisco. Take Valencia or Mission street cars to Fifteenth street. Sessions at 10:30 a. m. and 1:30 p. m. Luncheon will be served as usual. It is hoped that the auxiliaries will be able to send a large number of delegates, and those desiring entertainment over night will please notify Mrs. J. M. Haven, 1329 Haven, 1329 Harrison street, Oakland not later than Monday, August 31st.

Addresses will be given during the day by Miss M. L. Rogers, teacher in Straight University, New Orleans, and by Mrs. Delaney, San Francisco.

Let us make this our largest, best meeting of the year.

Mrs. F. B. Perkins.

A YEAR IN RETROSPECT.

By W. D. Kidd of Sierra Valley.

With this month (August) closes a year's labor as a missionary in this mountain parish, and, before entering into another, it is well to stop a while and con template the past, striving to learn some lessons from its failures and successes. Hence this retrospect.

The Field: Forty miles long and thirty broad, one of the largest parishes in the State. A large valleys situated in the Sierras at an elevation of nearly 6,000 feet. Five preaching stations, so located that a drive of eighty-four miles is necessary to visit them all in circular tour. Every vice is to be found here, saloons, gambling dens, Sunday baseball, and picnics all doing their utmost to corrupt and ruin the souls of the men and women who dwell here.

The People: Americans with a number of Swiss; total population about 2,500; about one-third Catholic. Ranching and lumbering are the main industries. Only about eight months can be termed "earning" months as the winters are too severe to permit any kind of labor with the exception of a little logging or wood-cut-

ting, but very few men are employed more than eight months out of the twelve.

1. First, let me ask, What has been done? By team and wheel 2,775 miles have been traveled; 172 sermons have been preached; 106 prayer-meetings led; 12 funerals conducted; 6 marriages performed and 276 pastoral visits paid. The latter number seems small and doubtless is when compared to those made by our city brethren, but, when it is remembered that here a call means a drive of anywhere from five to fifty miles often through snow, or, what is worse, mud or alkali dust, the thermometer ranging from 22 below zero to 94 above, the reason will be evident.

Attendance at services varies greatly and is mainly dependent on climatic conditions, the moon, state of the roads, or the season of the year, ploughing, haying and harvesting interfering with the church services greatly. Services have been held in five different places every two weeks on Sundays; and on week nights as opportunity and moonlight offered. Three Sunday-schools are maintained; two of these and a Home Department School in another place being new organizations this year. The church and parsonage at Sierraville and the church at Beckwith have been painted and otherwise materially improved. Benevolences have increased threefold.

II. Secondly, What has been left undone?

Much doubtless, but, yet we feel that in proportion to our strength and time, "we have done what we could." Nevertheless, there are two or three school districts where we believe work could and should be commenced, if it were not that already our Sundays are too full.

III. Now, what may we learn from the past year's experiences?

First, The field is far too large geographically to be successfully tilled by one man. While we have good congregations and a willing hearing we feel that the people in these communities should have an opportunity to hear the gospel every Sunday. And, again, we believe that personal, pastoral work is the great necessity for this and every field; this cannot be accomplished at "long distance," hence its impossibility here.

Secondly. Owing to the shortness of the "earning season" here, it is very hard for the people to support their church as they wish, and so, we need not only another man but an added missionary appropriation for his support if we would hold this field for the Master and the denomination.

The past year has been full of blessed experiences, and we are looking forward with pleasure to our future ministry among these mountain people whom we have learned to love.

AN ENCAMPMENT EXPERIENCE.

Dear Pacific: I was delighted to be present in your city last week and mingle with the "boys in blue" once more, especially a number of my own regiment and company—Company D, Seventh Iowa Infantry, in which I served four years, '61 to '65. I met fourten of my own regiment, and thirteen of our fifteen were Christian men. I found many Christian men among the old comrades, a large per cent being Congregationalists. Some of them told me they were very much surprised to have so many of our California people speak to them about living Christian lives, which was something new to them at an encampment. I was also told by some of them that they heard some of the grandest and best sermons in Oakland and other bay cities they had ever heard in their lives.

Let this standard be kept up. Let us carry the gospel to our visitors who come to us from time to time. Oh, brothers, let us use these grand opportunities to speak to people whom we may never see again until we meet them before the Great Judge! If we realize that we have a good thing in salvation through Christ let us tell the story and invite others to come to the fountain and drink. I believe in expansion along these lines.

W. R. Bair.

"The Horse in America," is, perhaps, the widest reaching topic in the September Century. It is treated by John Gilmer Speed in a manner to awaken discussion, and there is a rare collection of pictures of famous horses, which will themselves be attractive to all who are interested in the development of the horse in the United States. Among the articles relating to recent events are "A Wonderful Change in Pelee," by Dr. Hovey, with photographs taken by him on the flank of the new peak, and "Heroes in Black Skins," a narrative of some admirable deeds by negroes, written by Booker T. Washington, with a reproduction of the bust of the Tuskegee educator by Miss Lelia Usher. A remarkable phase of American life is graphically described by Ray Stannard Baker in "The Day of the Run," illustrated by Blumenschein, and the Northwest also comes in for further consideration in an article by James Outram on "The First Ascent of Mount Assiniboine," made by him. Ambassador Andrew D. White prints more "Chapters from My Diplomatic Life," full of anecdotes of notable people in various European countries. W. R. Merriam, director of the last census, writes of "Noteworthy Results of the Twelfth Census," bringing out curious data.

Of the fiction in the September St. Nicholas, Howard Pyle continues "The Story of King Arthur and His Knights," telling the stirring adventures of Sir Percival. There will be but two more numbers of this revival of the old Arthurian legend, completing in a year the tale of the more thrilling episodes of the life of King Arthur and his knights. Leading in place, and, in every boy's opinion at least, is importance, is Ralph Barbour's "Brewster's Debut," a breezy story of football honors. Charles Battell Loomis' "A New Game," offers fresh fun to every boy and girl who reads; and Timothy Shaler Williams' "The Sports of Negro Children" should suggest pleasant possibilities for many play hours. "Kitty White," "Was He a Coward?" "A Novel Fishing Feat," "A School Savings Bank," "With the Birds in Autumn," widely different, all are good vacation reading.

There are some things in life that are inseparable. God has joined them together by their very nature, and they cannot be parted asunder. He has wedded genuine happiness to sincere holiness with indissoluble bonds. In the mad rush of the world for wealth and position, the most potent moving factor is the imagined happiness to be enjoyed. Both the verdict of history and the best judgment of man today declare that real happiness does not exist apart from holiness. Why not seek a thing where it can be found?

It is claimed by actual count that the decrease in church attendance in London for the past sixteen years is from 12 to 15 per cent. What is it in our country?

SINGING REVEALING CHARACTER.

By Rev. W. E. Vaughan.

Why no soul-stirring musical compositions of this age supplanting those of other periods in the progress of Christian thought? Why our sermons and contributions, editorial paragraphs all lack in the element of looking for the blessed hope and glorious appearing of the great God, our Savior, which so marked the early Church in its worship? It is so seldom that you hear a sermon on heaven that you are made sometimes to wonder whether there be any such place, or if so there is no disposition to journey toward it. Is it not true that much of sermon and press work nowaday is made up of the matter intensely practical that it has become materialistic in character and not idealistic? Were the apostles dreamers when they stressed with joyous hope the doctrine of the intermediate state? Was St. Paul beating the air when he tells us "above fourteen years ago whether in the body or out no man knoweth, but such an one was lifted to the third heaven and heard things unlawful to tell?" Did Christ mean to impress us that life is prosaic, moving upon a dead level and has no buoyancy by reason of an ideal home beyond the stars when he says "the righteous shall shine forth in the kingdom of the Father brighter than the sun?" There is a world of meaning in the "Father's house with many mansions." In the phrase "ye ought to rejoice because I go to my Father." "Hence forth there is laid up for me a crown of life." "Him that overcometh I will make a pillar in the temple of my God and I will write upon him my new name."

There is something more than the mere citing of the description of the new Jerusalem surpassing in symetry and gorgeous splendor any city of dreams whatsoever. All was designed to give man a light heart, majestic tread, invincible endurance, wading through earthly tribulations, marching toward that city which hath foundations out of sight, whose builder and maker is God.

Poetry emerges from the brain fired in the alembic of holy imagination, superinduced by conscious foretaste of this unutterable joy which awaits the persevering and the faithful. This sets in motion rhythmic powers of the human heart and stirs all the melodies of the human spirit. Outward and homeward toward God, one moved by such holy impulses soars and sings. It can't help it. It is its normal condition.

Another element entering into the spirit of song is a retrospective temperament. God's dealings are always so gracious to the heart that is confiding. Cups of sorrow and baptism of fire become the chalice of a secret joy with God, and the sacrament of a holy communion with the Son of Man, who gives "song in the night-season." This principle of thanksgiving gave the world the melodies and ballads by Moses and Deborah, the holy songs of the Jewish church of Israel through to the beginning of the Christian era. God's gracious deliverance of his servants and shielding them by tokens of gracious providence made possible the songs of triumph by the Wesleys and their associates which, by their catholic spirit, their universal breadth, their richness in rythm, their potentiality in Scriptural truth, their sublime conceptions of God, of man, his duty and destiny, of life and of death, of hell and of heaven, they have quickened into holy rapture and sounded through all the depths of man's being the harmonies of God's eternal truth. Might not these historic facts explain why sinners, steeped in the life of sin were lifted from their depths of conscious wretchedness through sin and borne away upon the high tide of spiritual song to the city of God, where in the pure bright light of a new day the glories of an eternal kingdom for the first time broke in upon their ravished vision?

Composition of today may be more classical, may require greater mechanical skill for their execution, possibly rendered only by the trained and paid choir in our large and fastidious churches, but they are seriously lacking in that depth of spirituality which so gloriously characterized the songs of our fathers. Those songs sprang from hearts that were taught of God on earth.

SATAN TAKES NO VACATION.

"The devil never takes a vacation." We sometimes hear this remark offered as a reason why the minister should always remain at his post. But we have never anywhere read that the devil is set as an example to believers. Nor is it clear that because he who never wearies in evil doing rests not, a minister, with less ability to endure, should try to emulate his tireless industry. For a man to work as the devil works is to challenge fate. The human machine must sometimes stop for repairs, whether or not the diabolic maintains perpetual motion. And it is to be noted that while it is true that "the devil never takes a vacation," his servants, the saloon-keepers and their kind, have too much sense to work continuously. They need and take vacations, as do the preachers. The saloon does not close when its keeper is away, nor does the church cease its work when the preacher is recuperating on the mountains or at the seashore. An annual rest means better work, especially for the mental toiler. The church favors itself that sends its pastor away for an outing. Loose him and let him go.—Pacific Christian Advocate.

A "TEMPERANCE DECLARATION."

Perhaps it may not generally be known that twelve former Presidents of the United States, at the earnest solicitation of Edward Cornelius Delevan of New York, appended their names to the following "temperance declaration:" "Being satisfied from observation and experience, as well as from medical testimony, that ardent spirits and drink is not only needless, but hurtful and that the entire disuse of it would tend to promote the health, the virtue and the happiness of the community, we hereby express our conviction that should the people of the United States, and espcially the young men, discountenance entirely the use of it, they would not only promote their personal benefit, but the good of our country and the world." The Presidents so signing were: Andrew Jackson, James Madison, John Quincy Adams, Martin Van Buren, John Tyler, Millard Fillmore, Franklin Pierce, James Buchanan, Abraham Lincoln, Andrew Johnson.—Ex.

Rev. W. J. Speers and wife and daughter, returned froma trip as far East as Lake Superior. They went by the Shasta route, taking in Portland, Victoria and Vancouver; thence by the C. P. R.; returning by the Rio Grand.

It is said that 14,000 out of 15,000 cases in the Circuit Court, recently held in Tennessee, were due in some way to the liquor traffic.

Our Boys and Girls.

The Advantages of Disadvantages.

Many of us appreciate the advantage of our advantages, but few of us are so ready to see the advantage of our disadvantages. Yet we have but to study the lives of great men and women to perceive that frequently circumstances which seemed most unfavorable, in reality contributed largely to their success.

"Health and prosperity," says a recent writer, "are not pure blessings. A certain element of discontent is necessary to spur men on to a higher life." Have you never seen a "deadly langourous satisfaction" creeping over the soul of some friend whose life was flowing on smoothly and easily, and whom you longed to stir to noble endeavor? The student whose path to college is made easy, whose room is furnished with every luxury, and who has an abundant supply of pocket money, is not usually the one to come out at the head of his class. It is more often the boy who knows something of the sacrifice his parents are making in his behalf, who is obliged to work in vacation, and practice the strictest economy in term time. A wealthy gentleeconomy in term time. A wealthy gentleman was showing to a friend his son's room in college. It was elegantly fitted out with every comfort and convenience. The friend, who knew something of collefe life, bluntly remarked:

"You will never raise a scholar in this room." He understood the disadvantage of such advantages.

Cecil Rhodes, the great diamond king of South Africa, knew something of the advantage of poor health and poverty. The former is, perhaps, seldom an advantage, yet who can tell? In the case of Cecil Rhodes, it was at the foundation of his great career; for it was that which sent him to South Africa and the diamond fields. Delicate health not infrequently leads to the study of hygienic laws, to greater carefulness in diet and dress and general habits of living; and thus secures long life for its possessor; while those who have never known a sick day too often fall victims to carelessness or imprudence. There is some truth in Dr. Holmes' witty remark that if one would live to a good old age, he should have an incurable disease. The advantage of poverty and the consequent necessity for exertion, has often been dwelt upon; but is still unappreciated by most of us. It is the opinion of Cecil Rhodes that no man should ever leave money to his children.

"It is a curse to them," he says: "What we should do for our children, if we would do them the best service we can, is to give them the best training we can procure for them, and then turn them loose in the world without a sixpense, to fend for themselves."

The development of the earlier forms of life teaches the same lesson as the history of the human race. Those forms which have obtained food easily, and have not been obliged to struggle for existence, have fallen hopelessly behind other forms which at one time seemed to have a less fortunate start in the race. In that interesting book, "The Whence and Whither of Man," Professor Tyler, after describing the powerful monsters of the reptilian age, says:

"But which vertebrate is heir to the future?—I feel sure that I, for one, should not have selected the mammal, a small, feeble being hiding in holes and ledges, and continually hard put to it to escape becoming a mouthful for some huge reptile; and yet the persecution, the impossibility of contending by brute strength, may have forced the mammal into the line of brain building and placental development. What we usually call present advantage is not advantage at all, but the first step in degeneration."

Even sorrow and loss have often proved advantages, and have yielded many a rich return to those exercised thereby. Without the death of Arthur Hallam, we should have had no "In Memoriam," and perhaps no Tennyson. "They are poor who have lost nothing," says Jean Ingelow.

Disappointment and defeat are advantages, when, instead of being crushed and conquered thereby, we are spurred on to more earnest effort.

'Then welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids not sit nor stand, but go!
Be our joys three parts pain!
Strive, and hold cheap the strain;
Learn, nor account the pang, dare, never grudge the throe!"

Are we oppressed by care, burdened with work, obliged to labor under so-called disadvantages, let us remember and pity the worse condition of those "thankless thousands" of whom the poet Wordsworth speaks as

"oppressed and clogged
By ease and leisure, by the very wealth
And pride of opportunity made poor."

We need not pray for poverty, loss, defeat, sorrow; but when these come without our seeking, even in spite of our utmost endeavor, let us not fail to turn them into advantages; remembering that 'it is as easy to get strength out of things that are hard, as to get oppression and sadness out of them."—Miss Emily Tolman, in "New York Observer."

God's Ways Higher Than Ours.

God does not set the less against the greater, as we do. He sets the greater against the less; that is his way. Who will not say, Blessed be his love? Man being very small, being petty at the kingliest, finds a flaw. Thus the wise fool talks: "He is honest, he is wise, he is gifted; he is, on the whole, a man of notable intellectual stature and influence; but"—man thinks he is clever when he discovers a "but." He gathers himself up into Pharisaic perpendicularity and says: "I discovered that, I pointed out that frailty, I saw it." There can be no pit deep enough for a wretch like that. How doth God speak? Thus hear the music of infinite love: "He has gone astray, he has been unfaithful,, he has turned aside from me a thousand times, he has done the things he ought not to have done; yet"—that is the difference between human judgment and divine judgment in relation to that greatest of all mysteries, human character. It is better to fall into the hands of God than into the hands of men. Your brethren like to speak against you, to have discovered a peccadillo, one little sin, and to have fingers dainty enough to pick out that little hair and to be able to say, "I've got it!" The Lord saith: "You have wounded me and disappointed me and gone away from me,—yet how can I give thee up? Return!" That is the difference between your human theories and the great divine idea of redemption—God always seeing the best, fixing his eyes upon the salvable points, looking to those elements that are still left out of which he can rear manhood. He will not quench the smoking flax, he will not break the bruised reed.—Joseph Parker.

Where My Angels Are.

But in these days I know my angels well;
They brush my garments on the common way;
They take my hand, and very softly tell
Some bit of comfort in the waning day.

And though their angel names I do not ken,
Though in their faces human want I read,
They are God-given to this world of men,
God-sent to bless it in its hour of need.

Child, mother, dearest wife, brave hearts that take
The rough and bitter cross, and help us bear
Its heavy weight when strength is like to break,
God bless you each, our angels unaware!

—Margaret E. Sangster.

Spiritual Life.

Good Words and What Becomes of Them.

"Dear Dr. Potts: I spent last Sabbath at Fort Dodge, Iowa, and was the guest of Rev. J. J. Dolliver, the father of Senator Dolliver. He told me a story that thrilled my heart, and I tell it to you.

"Many years ago he was on a circuit in West Virginia. He was riding to his circuit one Sunday morning and saw striding on before him a tall, awkward young man carrying a string of fish which he had just caught. Instead of scolding him for going a-fishing on Sunday, Brother Dolliver rode beside him and conversed with him. He talked to him about his future and about what he was going to make of himself. He advised him to give his heart to God, become a Christian, go to school and get an education.

"It was a word spoken in season. The young man was none other than the Rev. T. B. Hughes, now of the Iowa conference, and the father of the Rev. E. H. Hughes, president elect of DePauw university, and of the Rev. M. F. Hughes, pastor of Independence Avenue church, Kansas City. What a wonderful moment it was in the life of that Sabbath-breaking West Virginia stripling, when a faithful Methodist preacher opened up to him his possible future.

"This is an illustration of what a word will sometimes do. 'A word spoken in season, how good it is.'"—Bishop McCabe in the "Michigan Christian Advocate."

Wesley as a Bible Student.

When twenty-six years Wesley began "to study the Bible as the one and only standard of truth and the only model of pure religion," and some years later he declared: "I am a spirit come from God, and returning to God. I want to know one thing—the way to heaven. God himself hath condescended to teach me the way. He hath written to down in a book. O give me that book! At any price give me Book of God I have it; here is knowledge enough for me. Let me be homo unius libri. Here then I am, far from the busy ways of men. I sit down alone; only God is here. In his presence I read his book; for this end, to find the way to heaven. Is there a doubt concerning the meaning of what I read? I lift up my heart to the Father of lights, and ask him to let me know his will. I then search after and consider parallel passages of Scripture. I meditate thereon with all the attention and earnestness of which my mind is capable. If any doubt still remains, I consult those who are experienced in the things of God; and then the writings whereby, being dead, they yet speak. And what I thus learn, that I teach."

Strong Preachers.

Strong preachers have ever been Bible preachers. The old reformers drew their weapons from the heavenly armory. The sermons of Bunyan, and Baxter, and Flavel, and men of their stamp—were full of God—instinct with living doctrines. Their very garb was after the Scripture pattern. Whitefield, as a custom, read the Bible with "Henry's Commentary" day by day, on his knees, praying over every sentence, line and word. Edwards and Davies were mighty in the Scriptures. Of Chalmers, it has been said that his sermons "held the Bible in solution." Preachers who saturate their sermons with the Word of God never wear out. The manna which they bring is pure, and sweet, and freshly gathered. It never clays. God's Word is deep, and he who studies it will ever have something new. He will never be dull, for the words of the Bible are strong, living words, and its images and descriptions are flowers of elegance. Apt citations clench the passages of the preacher's discourse, and give sanction, dignity, positiveness, authority, to it. And they shed light into the subject, like windows in houses.—Christian Guardian.

Getting Hold upon God.

"Some men are content with the creed, other men are content with the church, other men are content with the Book, but in either case they stop at the eidolon, the image, the symbol. So long as the creed is a window, and we see God through it, it is good; so long as the church is a voice, and we hear it saying, 'Come to God,' it is good; so long as the Bible is a collection of voices, every one saying, 'God tabernacles among men,' and we look in our own heart and find God there, it is good; but when men are content simply to believe in the creed, or in the church, or in the Bible they are worshipping idols. It is not the Bible, it is not the church, it is not the creed; it is God, the living God, who spake in the hearts of men in the olden time. Why? In order that we might hear the same voice speaking in our hearts today. But when men stop with the eidolon, the image, God slips out of their thoughts. Gideon destroys the idol that has been erected to the worship of Baal, and puts up an altar without any idol, that he may worship the spirit of Jehovah. The people think him irreligious, and would at first kill him. It has always been so. This process of idol destruction has gone on in all ages of the world, and will go on until God has taught us that only God can satisfy; not a testimony about God, not a report of God, not witnesses to God, not a belief concerning God, but only God himself can satisfy." Therefore "seek ye the Lord while he may be found."—Lyman Abbott.

Old Testament's Keyword.

The keyword of the Old Testament is righteousness. The keyword of the New Testament is love. The combined injunction of the two is: "Let there be absolute righteousness of character and conduct, guided, controlled, impelled by love." So great is the change wrought in any life in which there is complete obedience to this injunction, that no other term can be used to describe it but "a new creation."

It is sometimes said of a man: "He is a good man I suppose—but keep your eyes open when you deal with him." And you also hear it said of a woman: "She is very religious I know—but she is not pleasant to live with."

Not until our religion has made us irreproachably upright in busines, and has made us pleasant to live with, has it wrought its full mission in our lives. Not the poetry, nor the sentiment, nor the theory, nor the ecstasy of religion can be accepted before God as the legitimate fruit in this life. Absolutely nothing will meet the requirement but a righteous life dominated by love, that is, "a new creation.—Dr. F. B. Cherrington.

The Bible the Plumb-line.

The Bible is the only plumb-line to build by, and it must be used constantly. All the showy ornamentation that a man can put on his edifice amounts to nothing, if his walls are not perpendicular. Sometimes we see a flimsy structure whose bulging walls are shored up by props and skids to keep them from tumbling into the street. I am afraid that there are thousands of reputations in trade, in politics, in social life, and even in church life, that are shored up by various devices. No Christian can defy God's inexorable law of gravitation. It is a mere question of time how soon every character will "fall in," if it is not based on the rock, and built according to Jesus Christ's plumb-line. It may go down in this world; it is sure to go down in the next. Let every one, therefore, take heed how he or she buildeth; for the last great day will test the work, of what sort it is.—Theodore Cuyler.

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HANDICAPPED.

The man who started to run a race in chains and fetters would be visibly handicapped. No one would expect him to succeed. The man who runs the race of life when his digestive and nutritive organs are diseased is equally handicapped. In the one case his strength is overweighted, in the other it is undermined. Success demands above all else a sound stomach.

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Unity of Believers.

The unity of believers, irrespective of geographical lines and lineal descent, was impressed upon me by an incident far over the years. One summer evening I climbed the steps by which Paul and the Areopagi of Athens ascended Mars' Hill, and standing on its rocky summit I looked up at the now dismantled Temple of Minerva, down at the Theseum, and away to the flowery Hymmetus, near which the whispering Illisus flowed. Presently, the night coming on, a dark-faced native quietly ascended the stairs. The evening star had just gone on its watch. At once there came a serious apprehension of harm, but looking closely at the stranger I thought the face was not forbidding. Then the thought occurred that he might be one of the converts I had met in the little chapel down by the arch of Hadrian. I will see. But we speak different tongues. What shall I do? I simply extended my hand and said, "Jesus." Instantly he returned my grasp, his face wreathed in smiles, and responded with what seemed to me a voice of marvelous sweetness, "Jesus!" My fears all fled; I was safe with him, by day, by night. Our hearts tenderly flowed together, for though in our nativity separated by almost the diameter of the earth, we were one in Christ, sons of the same Father, and destined for the same home afar, on high.—R. F. Sample.

The Guidance of the Holy Spirit.

Let our temper be under the rule of the love of Jesus. He cannot alone curb it—he can make us gentle and patient. Let the vow, that not an unkind word to others shall ever be heard from our lips, be laid trustingly at his feet. Let the gentleness that refuses to take offense, that is always ready to excuse, to think and hope the best, mark our intercourse with all. Let our life be one of self-sacrifice, always studying the welfare of others, finding our highest joy in blessing others. And let us, in studying the divine art of doing good, yield ourselves as obedient learners to the guidance of the Holy Spirit. By his grace, the most common place life can be transfigured with the brightness of a heavenly beauty, as the infinite love of a divine nature shines out through our frail humanity.—Andrew Murray.

Love, the Keynote.

It is a love story, and not a system of philosophy. The gospel is pre-eminently a heart appeal. Is it, therefore, an unreasonable thing? No, it is all the more "reasonable" because it is indefinable. The invitation of the Old Testament is, "Come, let us reason together." The cry of the New Testament is, "Come unto me and I will give you rest." The message of love goes further, sinks deeper, than the message of reason. You may reason out the construction of the rose, but no man yet defined its fragrance; it is an appeal to heart love; the fragrance always baffles our philosophy. The basis of the gospel appeal is love—not fear, nor reason. The parables of Jesus are love appeals; the lost sheep, the lost son, tell of the Father's heart. The parables always suffer when one attempts to "reason" them out. The world knows enough to depart from evil, but it is love—and not knowledge—that will win the world, if it is ever won.—Baptist Union.

"He Leadeth Me Beside the Still Waters"

While passing through Galilee—which was in January—we came to a plain of about ten acres, perhaps the most of which was covered with water from the recent heavy rains which had fallen, and which compelled us to keep on its outer border. As our horses mired more or less, I observed that the soil was a very dark, rich peat bottom, which led me to remark to my dragoman, what a pity it was that this plain was not properly drained, as it then would be very productive, whereas now it must be almost worthless. "Oh," said he, "dat be very, very good land. Now, you see de water no run off, it be still water. So, den, in de summer-time when de pasture fail in de drought, de grass grow here big down to de water-edge. So as de water dries up more and more, de grass grows more and more toward the middle of dis plain. So de owner of dis land have fat sheep and goats, when oder people's flocks be lean." Almost instantly the thought flashed upon my mind that here was a beautiful solution of my difficulty; that these were the kind of "still waters" to which David refered as furnishing green and abundant pastures when they had failed everywhere else.—Selected.

Witness-Bearing.

True Christians are witnesses for God by their sufferings. All Christian suffering is a kind of witness-bearing. It is the greatest consolation of saints under heavy trials, in long, debilitating illnesses, and those retirements and straits which forbid active service, that they are all the time passively serving. Under the cross they bear witness to God, attesting His justice, His faithfulness, His covenant gentleness; they bear witness of Jesus that He hears the sighs of the humble, distills the dew of His grace, sustains the fainting head with His arm, tranquilizes and elevates by His spirit, and shows himself altogether lovely. Only they can say,

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"We speak that which we know, and testify that which we have seen." They can tell of a Savior who has proved himself sufficient in the day of trial, who has lifted them out of the swoon of despair, and breathed rapture into them with the kiss of peace.—James W. Alexander, D.D.

Ministers' Children.

The salaries of the clergy of the United States do not average $500 a year, and yet as a class they are the best educated, most active, refined and elevated in the nation. With less culture, with less character, with less mental power, there are men all over this land who earn from $1,000 to $5,000 a year. But look at the results. Taking them as they come, the biographies of a hundred clergymen who have families show that of their sons, 110 became ministers, and of the remainder of their sons, by far the largest part rose to eminence as professional men, merchants and scholars. As to their daughters, their names are merged into others; but there is a significant fact, which we do not remember to have seen noticed in that connection, that not only here, but in England, where titles are so highly prized, and the possession of gentle blood is a passport to high places, it is very often referred to as a matter of note, as indicating safety and respectability; "his mother was the daughter of a clergyman." We will venture the opinion that three-fourths of the great men of this nation are not over two degrees removed from clergymen's families, or from families strictly religious. When it can be said of a man or woman that his father or grandfather was a clergyman, there is a feeling within us of a certain elevation of character—a kind of guarantee of respectability of blood, or purity and integrity.—Dr. Haven.

"As we examine the Old Testament we find about six hundred predictions, more than three hundred of which center upon the person, character and career of Jesus Christ as the Messiah. These prophecies cover the line of His descent, the time of His birth and manifestation, the place of His nativity, and all the great leading circumstances of His life, death, resurrection and ascension, with many subordinate details. These prophecies were in their complete form at least four centuries before His birth, inasmuch as both the Hebrew Scriptures and the Septuagint, or Greek translation, were both in the hands of the Jews, one about two and the other five centuries, at least, before Christ was born. The circumstances which these prophecies describe are not only unprecedented in character, but there was no possibility, humanly speaking, of these predictions being fulfilled. In fact they were largely couched in paradoxes or seeming contradictions. God has designed to present a mystery wholly inexplicable until history proved itself the key fitted to the lock."—Arthur Pierson.

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